

F I L M M A D E B Y

T H E N E W Y O R K

P U B L I C L I B R A R Y

P h o t o q r a p h i c S e r v i c e

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NEW YORK'S FIRST HOMOSEXUAL NEWSPAPER

GAY POWER



THE DIA
P.10

INFORMATION WANTED
ON HOMOSEXUAL
MURDERS AND ASSAULTS

I've been assigned to write an article for New York Magazine on homosexual murders in New York. I will be getting some of my information from the police, but I would also like to interview homosexuals with factual information to offer. I am especially trying to find out about the frequency of these crimes, most common times at which they occur, where they occur, kinds of violence employed, relationship of killer to victim, and motivations.

I realize that it's a lurid subject, but I intend *not* to write a cheap, sensational piece about it.

Those with information to offer may reach me at The New York Times Magazine, 229 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036, 556-1746; or they can call me at home, TR 3-2776.

GERALD WALKER

P.S. I would also like to hear from homosexuals who have had experience with non-fatal assaults.

WHO AM I?

I live many thousand's of years ago and I still live today. I will die when mankind fails. I am a woman. I am a man. Sometimes I change from one to the other. I am an atheist. I believe in God. I come from every race, every nation, ev'ry little town across the face of the earth. I am always with you. I am an artist, a farmer, a senator, a bricklayer --- even a campus cop. Sometimes you recognize me, usually you don't. I used to be silent, but I'm not anymore. Look around, can you see me?

I am a homosexual.

LETTERS



From Vietnam
SUCK CAPITAL OF THE
WORLD

Dear Brothers:

How about some articles—some rap—about the homosexual revolution going on back in the world.

Us gay troopers have to keep some link with the gay world.

Yours for
Peace, Fuck Vietnam
Brotherhood &
LOVE
Doug S.

NATIONAL ALLIANCE OF PEOPLE
(NAP)
c/o Ralph Hall
229 West 15th St., Apt. 5A
MEETINGS MONDAYS 8:30 p.m.

Homosexuals Intransigent!

HII
c/o Craig Schoonmaker
127 Riverside Drive
N.Y., N.Y. 10024
(212) 799-5692

GAY ACTIVISTS ALLIANCE
PO Box 2
VILLAGE STATION
NEW YORK, N.Y.
691-2748
Meetings Thurs., 8 PM
Church of the Holy Apostole
9 Ave. at 28 St.

GAY LIBERATION FRONT
Church of the Holy Apostle
300 9th Ave
Meetings—Sunday nite 8:00 pm



GAY POWER

John Heys
Morgan Ives
Richard Banks
Craig Schoonmaker
Virgil Peden
Rev. Michael Francis Itkin

Taylor Mead
Martin Dennison
Lee Childers
Arthur Irving
Pudgy Roberts
Diana Davies

Clayton Cole
Ralph Hall
Charles Ludlam
Dr. Leo Louis Martello
Coca Crystal
Pat Maxwell

Walter Breen
Bob Martin
Don Jackson

Wolf

GAY POWER

NEWS NEW YORK

CLAP YOUR HANDS
MISS THING!
CLAP FOR US ALL!

by Bob Kohler—GLF

We roared into the Park at 59th Street with shouts of "Out of the bushes and into the march!" I was helping to marshal the parade and I watched the faces as they rushed past me: Arlene with a group of Radicables—joyously proud and beautiful; the two bare-chested young men from Washington Mattachine—so fucking handsome; the kids from Philadelphia GLF—so militant and arrogant; Gus with the DOB contingent—Right on Sisters; Peter in a wheelchair—beaten up by punks two nights before; Maxine and Bootsie and Jade East and Nova-Lee Brewster and the QUEENSI! A young man called out to me: "Are we there? Is this Central Park?" When I nodded that it was, he looked at me incredulously and said: "JEEZUS H. GODAWMIGHTY CHRISTI WE MADE IT!"

We made it all right! I doubt if there was one of us among the thousands who had marched up Sixth Avenue who did not share his amazement. We had been briefed and prepared for the worst: Pigs, Hard-hats, lunatics. But there we were surging into the Park, onto the Meadow, up the hill, gathering and turning to applaud the Sisters and Brothers still massing into the huge field. A young Street Queen turned to me and said: "They're clappin' for me, Bobby!" I remembered the night he had been beaten during the Stonewall riots. I reached over and touched his face. "Yeah, Baby, they're clappin' for you!" He turned to the boy next to him, who seemed dazed by the incredible panorama, and shoved him roughly. "Clap your hands, Miss Thing!" he commanded. "Clap for us all!" We clapped our fucking hands off. And then we began to chant: TOGETHER. TOGETHER. TOGETHER. And we kept clapping. We clapped until we just couldn't clap anymore!

The Friday and Saturday before the March were rough days. I was stationed at The Washington Square Methodist Church where GLF held an Open House. Some of us worked too hard and some of us just plain goofed. There was a lot of elitism between layers of chauvinism iced with sexism. The word that we had free food went through Washington Square Park like a

dose of salts and there were times when we looked like a free-soup kitchen. We had some rip-offs, some heavy confrontations, and we even indulged in some in-fighting. We got tired and cranky and began wondering if it was worth it. We got the answer from fifty High School students who came in for "a few minutes," as part of the Church program, and stayed for over an hour laughing and rapping with us in small groups; from the middle-aged women who wandered from table to table looking tense and puzzled and then, just before she left, kissed me on the cheek and said, "God bless you all"; from the two Young Lords who came in "to check it out" because "Man, you people are really gettin' it together!"; and from the frightened and suspicious Homosexuals who peeked in at us from their portable closets in the doorway and then, somehow, managed to take that extra step into the room. We got the answers but there was still the doubt. While many of us wondered if we would ever make it to Sunday we thought of things that might happen—busts, harassment, violence—and we also wondered if we wanted to make it.

Well, we made it! JEEZUS H. GODAWMIGHTY CHRISTI WE MADE IT! And we're beautiful—every last one of us. Beautiful and proud and strong. TOGETHER! I'm sorry about the Sisters and Brothers who couldn't or wouldn't march with us, because there will never be another June 28th, 1970. Oh, be sure, we'll march again—maybe even prouder and stronger, but never, never again, more beautiful!

**GAY POWER TO GAY PEOPLE!!!
ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE!!!**

NEW YORK HOMOSEXUAL COMMUNITY COUNCIL

The newly-formed New York Homosexual Community Council is an informal confederation of New York City's Homosexual membership organizations. It will meet at regular intervals and/or at the request of any member organization in order to plan cooperative activities, communicate general information, discuss relevant ideas relating to homosexual liberation, and to resolve misunderstandings among member organizations.



Photo: Diana Davies

I left the meeting early from exhaustion. Then I came back and the same bullshit was going on that was going on when I left the meeting. That was Friday.

Saturday: In the evening we had a "communal" supper. Everyone brought food; everyone took the food and went off in little corners to eat with their own group of friends. All by themselves, in their little cliques. So much for community.

preparation. We're rather excited about this. It could really be a beautiful thing! Does it do anything for you? If so, or if you'd like more info, contact:

Len Ebreo, 425 Crooks Avenue, Paterson, NJ

This group will be limited to ten people, so if you're interested, let us know as soon as possible.

REPORT FROM THE LESBIAN CENTER

Friday: The weekend started off slowly Friday at the Lesbian Center, 300 9th Ave. There were a few women from out of town who had come to crash. They spent a bit of time practicing karate (much to the amusement of the chauvinists in the Neighborhood Youth group which was meeting upstairs.) The visitors were largely being ignored by the women who had been in the movement for a long time. One of my friends said "I feel responsible for telling these women about what's been going on in New York but I feel so inadequate to the task." Ah well, what does one do anyway?

That evening there was a workshop on Women's Liberation, Sexism, and Lesbianism. It started off unconvincedly enough. Too slow and very oppressive. The ultimate comment was that the "fems" were the Lesbians and the "butches" were the vanguard of the Gay liberation movement.

Sunday: At the march Sunday, the ice broke and for one brief moment we were together as women. Happy to be together because we were all women and gay. Personal differences were set aside. For one brief moment we showed each other and the world that our differences were just so much bullshit! Can we sustain that mood? Or will we forever play games with each other?

THE CHRISTOPHER STREET LIBERATION DAY Committee was formed as a result of a resolution by the Eastern Regional Conference of Homophile Organizations to commemorate the Christopher Street Uprisings of June 27-28, 1969. Its main purpose is to mark the uprisings annually with a birthday celebration on the last weekend in June.

In place of a long article on the workings of the committee, we would like to print a letter which expresses the feelings of (Continued on Page 12)

GAY POWER

NEWS

West coast

FIRST LEGAL GAY MARRIAGE

Los Angeles. Neva Joy Heckman and Judith Ann Belew were married by Rev. Troy Perry of the Gay Metropolitan Community Church in Los Angeles June 12. It is believed to be the first legal Gay marriage in history.

The marriage license bureau was circumvented by a provision in the California laws which permits a common law marriage to be legally recognized by performance of a church ceremony and the issuance of a church certificate.

Neva and Judith have lived together for two years. At the conclusion of the double ring ceremony conducted at their home, Rev. Perry pronounced "Our sisters, Neva and Judith, to be living in the holy state of matrimony as husband and wife."

A legal hassel is expected when they file a joint income tax return.

WEST COAST REPORT

by Don Jackson

CHRISTOPHER STREET WEST GOES RIGHT ON

Los Angeles. Los Angeles Superior Court ordered the Los Angeles Police Department to issue a parade permit for a homosexual parade to take place on Hollywood Blvd. June 28.

Twelve floats will float gaily down Hollywood Blvd., accompanied by several bands, banners, an elephant and an estimated 10,000 homosexuals.

The police had earlier denied a permit to conduct the parade in commemoration of the Stonewall Revolt of June 28, 1969. The American Civil Liberties Union filed a Writ of Mandamus on behalf of the Gay Community, after permission to hold the parade was denied.

ANTI-HOMOSEXUAL DRIVE IN SAN FRANCISCO

San Francisco. After ten years of lax law enforcement, a massive persecution of homosexuals has begun in the City by the Golden Gate.

Around 50 Gays were arrested in the men's room of Macy's Department Store, after Macy's

photos met Holt

made many complaints to the police about homosexuals cruising in their store.

Arrest of bush queens have been instituted, with entrapment, enticement and the whole vice pig game.

San Francisco has long had a reputation of being a refugee camp for homosexuals who came there to escape persecution. Now, it has turned into one of the most oppressive cities in America.

Public parks have been raided, both the men's rooms and the bushes. Lands End, perhaps the most famous cruising place in the nation was raided for the first time in thirty years.

Most of the park arrests are made by the plain clothes "Honda Hogs," a special shit house and park patrol which was



GAY LIBERATIONISTS feel that puritanical officials at Macy's Department Store are responsible for the new reign of terror. Macy's employed special police, including many off duty city pigs to make the arrests.

The Gay Better Business Bureau is not making a report in this issue, but readers are urged not to patronize Macy's.

L.A. TERROR CONTINUES

Los Angeles. Police sweeps of parks have become a practice in the Los Angeles anti-homosexual program. Parks are cleared, all persons found in the Gay areas



recently set up by the S.F. Pig Department. The Honda Hogs are so called because of the Honda motor bikes they use for transportation.

Almost all of those arrested are charged with oral copulation, a felony punishable by 20 years in the state prison. Most of those arrested remain in jail, unable to raise the \$6,500.00 bail.

Reports have been coming in of torture, beatings and gang rapes of homosexual prisoners in San Francisco City Prison.

On June 21, the Gay Liberation Front had a "pig roast" in Golden Gate Park to protest the Honda Hogs.

being arrested. A van is used to haul away the prisoners. Most of those arrested are charged with lewd conduct or trumped up narcotics charges.

Those arrested in the raids at City College are being prosecuted on felony oral copulation charges, as part of the state wide "get tough" policy on homosexuals.

GAY MARRIAGE LICENSE DENIED

Los Angeles. County Clerk Wm. Sharp says his office is receiving a flood of inquiries from

homosexuals who want to marry another member of the same sex.

Sharp attributed the inquiries to a recent remark by a clergyman suggesting that Gay marriages should be given legal recognition.

"Only custom and propriety prevent me from issuing licenses to couples of the same sex," he said, "I would like to see such licenses prohibited by law."

He says he has already refused marriage license applications from couples of the same sex, but since the law does not clearly prohibit such a marriage, the county could be involved in litigation should such a couple take the denial of the license to the courts.

Section 4101 of the California Civil Code reads, "Any unmarried male of the age of 21 years or upwards, and any unmarried female of the age of 18 years or upwards, and not otherwise disqualified, is capable of consenting to and consummating marriage." The law does not say that the male and the female must marry each other, nor does it prohibit two men or two women from marrying.

Sharp expressed fear that some Gay couples slipped passed him and are already married. "We are careful, but these days you can't always tell the boys from the girls," he said. "In three recent cases, the courts have granted annulments to men who discovered after the wedding that their mates were of the same sex."

WEST COAST GAY LIB GROUPS

Seattle GLF
c/o 615 Boren No. 32
Seattle, Wash. 98104

San Francisco State GLF
c/o Charles Thorp
2729 B California Street
San Francisco 94115

San Jose GLF
c/o Pat Jackson
1302 Maria Way
San Jose, Calif.

Long Beach GLF
c/o Rt. Rev. Paul French
638 1-2 Pacific Avenue
Long Beach, Calif.

Portland GLF
c/o Larry Dow
5615 N.E. 24th
Portland, Oregon

Gay Lib, U.C.L.A.
c/o Rand Schrader
2128 Bentley Avenue
Los Angeles, Calif. 90025

Santa Ana GLF
1815 So. Ross
Santa Ana, Calif.

San Gabriel Valley GLF
c/o Altadena Community Church

Los Angeles GLF
1822 W. 4th Street
Los Angeles, Calif.

Gay Students Union (U.C.)
2398 Bancroft Way
Berkeley, Calif.

Institute for Homosexual Liberation
c/o Leo Laurence
15 Beaver Street
San Francisco, Calif.

Psychedelic Venus Communion (cock worsh)
Rev. Fuck
POB 4261
Berkeley, Calif.

Evangelical Catholic Communion
(Gay Lib Catholic Church)
Rt. Rev. Michael Itkin
3343 22nd St.
San Francisco

United States Mission (gay beggars)
Box 2462
Los Angeles, Calif.

Students for Homosexual Freedom
c/o Steve Whitmore
6000 J Street
Sacramento, Calif.

Committee for Homosexual Law Reform
Rev. Troy Perry, Chairman
1149 1-2 North Virgil Avenue
Hollywood, Calif.

San Diego State GLF
Student Union
San Diego State College, Calif.

BERKELEY GLF
2398 Bancroft Way
Berkeley, Calif.

Committee for Homosexual Law Reform
330 Grove Street
San Francisco



mae east... by taylor mead

While bending over the kitchen table doing some dishes a thought came to me—why not do a great big column? Caesar did a column, Tiberius did a column, Walter Winchell did a column, Rock Hudson did a column, Tab Hunter had a column—why shouldn't the wicked which of the East have a column? Enough with Japanese dildoes!, I said. I want a column! One that will last down through the ages, one that will inundate the consciousness of mankind and Woman's Liberation—a column for all sizes and hue of thought and cry of pain—a truly forthright column, self lubricating and self perpetuating, one that will penetrate deep into the heart of Texas and stir the lethargy from the jeans of Democracy—one that will make sizeable inroads toward Highway Safety and Stock Market Reports, not to mention Detergents and Travel in Puerto Rico. My chauffeur, Ralph, agreed, and offered to help me with my spelling. He began helping me by releasing his grip on me so I could type. Here, sitting on his lap, the fullness that is in me wants to elucidate the problems of mankind and delineate the processes toward a longer lasting peace in Southeast Asia, but the depth of my feeling is such that words fail me and I just want to bounce up and down and say, Oh Shittttt! Ralph, an ex-bomber pilot who has dropped his loads over most of Asia is unable to explain either why or exactly where he dropped the major part of his cargo and like most pilots he has an anal and tit erotic interest

in instrument panels and shoving things through the sky and dropping objects without any understanding or concern for the results. He would just as soon give me pleasure as bomb a hospital. It is from this political base that I want to launch out to save the world. But, when I look out the window at the house next door and their eternally gray laundry hanging on their endless line, an inertia seizes me and I return to putting around the house with Ralph and just hope my own undies come out whiter than white.

And now I'd like to sing one of my favorite songs: it's called Random Harvest and I opened the Gates of Hell Burlesque

House with it several years ago—George and Ira Goshen wrote it especially for me after a night on the town house by the third chimney and the pigeon coop. It begins with a full orchestra and wears down to a single girl and a harp under a street lamp in Russia. George and Ira heard snatches of the tune while visiting Expo 12 in the Urals and smuggled a few bars in their luggage. It begins with a down beat and continues right to the bottom.

Hello Random—gimme a break

De-fasten your zipper and pull out that snake.

The Eye of Heaven beams upon you,

Deep in the grass lies a hole built for two,

Me, that snake, your zipper, and you.

Don't split the Eye of Heaven this time,

Hollywood wasn't built at the corner the boulevard and vine.

Up in the hills there's more to be made

Than a glass of spiked lemonade.

We'll have a jigger before it's too late

Forget your mother and please make a date.

few bumps in the lyrics, but anyhow it's a whiff of immortality. Another number that helped bring the era of burlesque to its knees was Let It All Hang Out And You Still Won't Get Anywhere Baby, with three negroes tap dancing their hearts out. Some of my more modern numbers are Christopher Street is the Safest Street in Town and The Only Thing Hard About Hardhats Are Their Fists, and, The Flag Waves, and Waves, and Waves. These can all be sung to the same tune.

In closing I want to say Who is Richard Nixon? What is Spiro Agnew? and why?

If this is the dawn of civilization then why didn't somebody set the alarm?

Of course I was taking off my clothes while singing this number, which helped get over a

Men's liberation, women's liberation, gay liberation and the legalization of abortion are signs of sexual entropy: Entropy is the degrading of the matter and energy in the universe to an ultimate state of inert uniformity. The sexes are separating and dissolving their responsibilities to each other by discarding their fixed roles. Once we are freed from the old roles it will be our work to redefine our life styles and assume responsibility to the generation that will follow us. If not through parenthood, then how?

There is no liberty save that which an individual has secured for himself. If someone else guarantees you your freedom

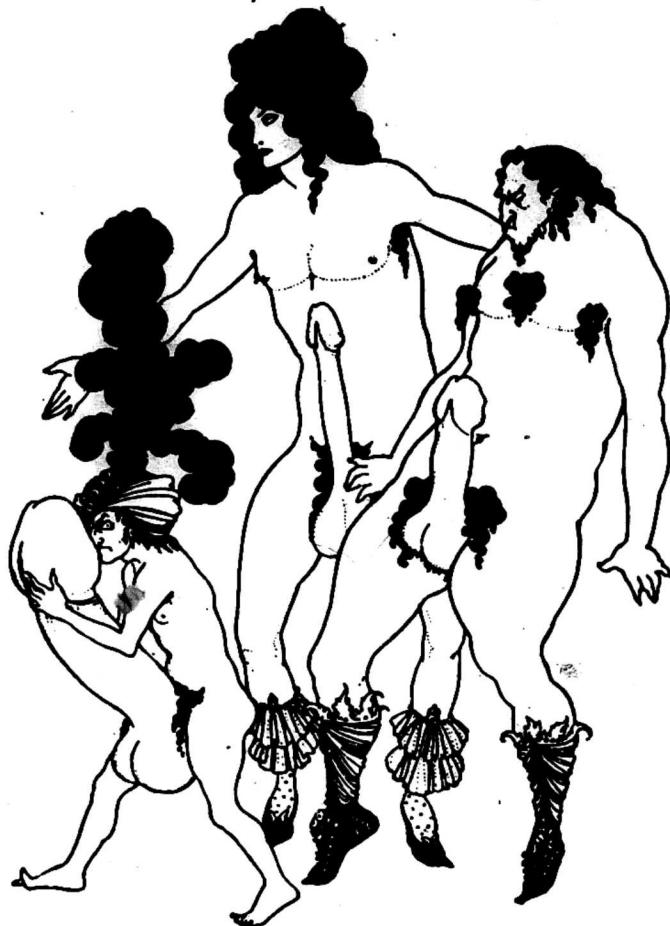
you are his slave because you depend upon him for your liberty. Every individual must assume responsibility for his own freedom, health and happiness. If you are not happy, it is your own fault. If you are not free it is because you have assumed no responsibilities.

Nourishment is the key to freedom, health and happiness. The nourishment of the body and the nourishment of the mind are inseparable. You are a slave if you eat what you are told. Just as much as you are a slave if you believe what you are told. We must not only nourish ourselves. We must nourish others in the higher spiritual sense.



by charles budiam

Ruben Ruben I've been thinking what a fine world this would be, If the men were all transported far beyond the Northern Sea. Rachel Rachel I've been thinking what a queer world this would be. If the girls were all transported far beyond the Northern Sea. "Ruben & Rachel" American Folk Song



AVERRY BEARDSLEY

Lysistrata: The Lacedemonian Ambassadors.

the continental hadassah

I visited the Continental Baths at 230 West 74 Street on Saturday, July 4, and stayed for four hours. The world may have crumbled outside, but in the Continental womb, nobody would have known or cared.

The physical aspects of the Continental are like one of those multi-million dollar suburban shopping centers where it's possible to live for a year or two on consumer goods but you don't because your head cries for outside air. Everything is there. Food (a restaurant downstairs), clothing (a blue towel), entertainment (dancing, floor shows on Saturday night), and sex (more variety than a supermarket). Like the Copacabana and Dante's Inferno and the shopping center, the Continental is a terrific place to visit, but you wouldn't want to live there.

Garbed in Continental terrycloth, notebook in hand, I talked to several Independence Day customers. The following are edited quotes. All first names are accurate.

by
Arthur Bell

DON

Don is the long-haired redhead with the cheery disposition at the front desk. He's twenty-six, was born in Connecticut, lived in Los Angeles.

"I came to the Continental originally as a customer, about six months ago. I was wrecked, out of my mind. I liked what I was able to see in my freaked out state and decided to try for a job here. I had dropped out for a year before, and the Continental seemed a good place for a job—you know, personal freedom and being around gay people. I work here eight hours a day as a cashier. Seldom use the baths for personal reasons now, although I could. The baths are expedient in making out, better than the streets. The atmosphere is better, it's less unnerving.

"The baths play a role similar to the role that Hadassah plays for Jewish women. It encases you. It makes you secure and free. It's always more comfortable to be among people you know and relate to, and it's easiest to relate physically. The Continental gives you a feeling of safety and security."

GARY Age 33.
"Put down that this is my first visit and that I'm a political revolutionary. I've been here five minutes. I came to the baths tonight because I haven't had sex in a month. The baths are the best way of doing it. The bars are too uptight and the streets too degrading. The simple fact is everyone wants to go to an orgy and this is the nicest possible way."

BIEHL Age 26, a graduate student in economics at Columbia, now working in a library.

"For someone who knows what he needs and knows what he doesn't need, like me, the baths are the best alternative. I come here every second Saturday. There are few establishments in the city that deal with gay life where management works with clientele. This is one of them. The place is friendly and the people are fantastic. It's much better than the bar scene—that scene is the most frustrating in New York. You see your merchandise there, and you don't know what you're getting into. Guys wear sexy clothes and when you get them home and take off their clothes, they're very unsexy."

"I use this place as a sexual outlet because I don't want to establish a consistent love relationship. Loyalty and the one to one relationship are the inventions of women and have no place in the gay world. I believe in love, but there's no reason for two guys who are in love not to have outside relationships. It makes a lover relationship stronger."

"I think that too many people make too much out of sex. They're all too serious. Sex should be taken with a bit of humor. Some people get schizo about sex or lose their balance because of it."

"I spent over a year in Viet Nam. I was with the United States Army Military Intelligence, Secret Security Clearance. The army was too busy chasing marijuana smokers and guys with long hair to worry about a Gay being in Security Clearance."

NO NAME Several people that I approached were reluctant to give their first names. No name, age 24, from Jersey, was one of them.

"I came to the baths with a friend because I don't enjoy going anywhere alone. It's my second visit this year. I've never been to any other bath. The Continental is a clean place, a lot of money has been put into it."

"I never have problems meeting people sexually and I like all sorts of people and go to the bars mainly to meet people on a social basis and let's see what happens. Actually, though, I like the baths better than the bars. Here, if you see something you like, you know you're both here for the same reason and you live. There's no cat and mouse. I've come here tonight to experiment—to try out new sex things."

GEORGE George, age 47, was born in Hungary and lived there most of his life. He is in excellent physical shape, has salt and pepper grey hair, and a walrus mustache.

"I feel comfortable at the baths. I know people come to the Continental for the same reason I do. It's also the cheapest place to spend

Saturday night. When I don't go to the baths for sex, I sometimes spend \$40.00 or \$50.00 a night looking for it. I come here for sex, yes, but I also come to enjoy myself. I've met people here that I've seen at other places, and it's easier to ask them to have sex with me here. I also like going to the racetrack and making money. Tonight I threw a coin—if it fell on the right side, I'd come here, on the other side, I'd go to the races. So here I am. Saturday is good here. The fat singer is good (Rosalie Mark of Rosalie Mark and Lowell) and I enjoy watching the dance contest."

"It bothers me that there are people here my age. I'd much rather be only with young people. The thing that bothers me all the time is my age. Otherwise, I'm happy."

GEORGE Husky, twenty-two, has a pronounced limp, wears glasses, is a hospital technician. This George was born in Puerto Rico and has lived in New York eight years.

"I'm usually here at least once a week. The place is clean and respectable. The prices a little high (\$10.00 a room, scaling down to \$6.50, \$5.50, \$4.50 for various forms of lockers), but you pay for what you get."

"I'm very relaxed about coming to the baths because I meet people who have the same ideas that I have, people I couldn't find anywhere else. For me, the Continental isn't sex, bang, and out. My reasons for coming here are more social than sexual. Sex has to be a living experience, and I have to meet people and relate to them and get to know them and quietly explore them. The baths serve as a meeting place. People who say that the baths are bad don't understand their social significance. It's healthy that we have them. If we didn't have them, there'd be more crimes in the streets—murders and robberies. Crimes come from frustration. The baths relieve frustrations."

BOB Tall, thin, a Westchester County resident. Bob, at 29, professes to be a conservative, politically. He works as a shipping and receiving instructor. His hobbies are antiquing and decorating.

"I come to the baths about every four months. I came today because of bad beach weather. I have no lover, and the baths are a quick service outlet. I always get a locker and use the dormitory. There, I groove on impersonal contact. It doesn't matter who I do or who does me. When I'm on the streets, that's something else. I'm very particular. Here, no. I dig orgies and group scenes. I'm usually here all night."

(Editors note: Arthur Bell has been writing articles for *Gay Power* under the pseudonym Arthur Irving. Beginning with this issue, Arthur Bell will byline articles using his real name.)

VELVET ECSTASY
Bill Vehr

The Velvet Underground is back!



Thank God! Upstairs at Max's Kansas City for two weeks! No doubt, by the time this is printed and read, it will all be a thing of the past and only those who saw and heard them will still be floating. But, hopefully, this is just a prelude to a rash of concerts for the Velvets in New York. What is it about the Velvet Underground that makes them so good? They seem to reach their audience through a magical sense-perception of its' heartbeat and bodyheat. Even the most jaded of groupies are bopping their hairy heads and shaking their boobs. The whole room is quivering, the strong odor of sweaty armpits mixed with the sweet-and-pungent aroma of vaginal juice pervades the atmosphere. Lou Reed's voice sneaks in over the raunchy, wailing guitars (now his arms are in the air, now he's pointing at

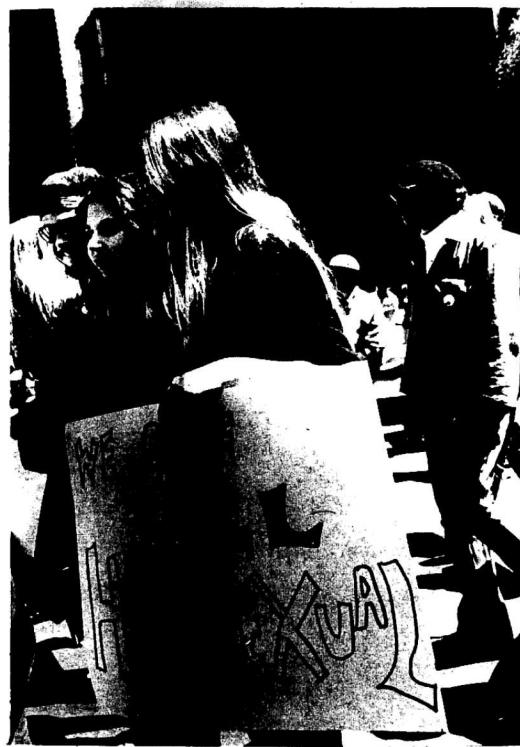
you), he smiles, then jerks his body, uh-huh!, now his tongue is in his cheek, What? he's camping on Pete Townshend—his arm is in the air, his legs in a semi-split and his fingers come crashing down on the strings of his guitar at just the right moment—Wow!—his head jerks forward, he smiles and the voice, once again, sneaks in over the, by now, frantic, pulsating beat—"you ain't got nothin' a-tall," you ain't got nothin' a-tall!!!). Then there's Sterling Morrison, tall, dark, and as cool as a cucumber, playing the sexiest lead guitar since Keith Richard, especially on "What Goes On". While Doug Yule (he does remind me of Christmas), bass guitarist, sometimes vocalist, and lead guitar on "Sweet Nothings," is having a ball. And when Doug sings "I'll Be Your Mirror" you almost forget that Nico ever sang

(almost, because who could really forget Nico's haunting (there's no other word for it) voice?). The drums were played by Bill Yule (another Christmas present) who is subbing for Maureen Tucker who has been in the hospital with pneumonia. I don't know if he's ever played with them before or if he took lessons from Maureen or what, but his drumming fits in perfectly with their music (and it's doubtful that there are many drummers that could come up to that) especially on one of their new songs "The Ocean"—you can actually hear the waves crashing against the rocky coast of Maine or California. But, still, I missed Maureen, and I hope to God she's playing with them the next time I see them—also I want to hear her sing "After Hours" (the greatest New York song ever) in that fabulous voice which seems to be a cross

between the very early Shirley Temple and Veronica of the Ronettes, (a cross between child-like innocence and jaded sophistication).

The greatest thing about the Velvets is the way they reach their audience. With such songs—how could they miss? The first notes of "I'm Set Free" really sets 'em free while the song gets stronger and stronger as it moves to a crashing climax. And each night at Max's something happened in the audience that I've only seen at Rolling Stones' concerts. Everyone was on their feet, dancing, carrying-on, moving & grooving, singing along with Lou Reed, whooping, laughing, (and he jerks his head again—a sly smile oh!)—and everyone in the room is having a ball—everyone feels stoned—everyone feels sexy—and you know, in your heart of hearts, that everything

is alright because everyone's together and everyone's happy. Welcome back Velvets! And this time, stick around. Maybe you are, as everyone says, far ahead of your time—but we're catching up with you and isn't it nice? Marcel Proust once wrote in a letter, "Each writer is bound to create his own language as each violinist must create his own 'tone'. And between the tone of some mediocre violinist and Thibaud's tone (for the same note) there is an infinitely small difference that embodies the whole world." The same for Rock and Roll bands; all the Velvets have that difference. When you walk into a room where they are playing, there's no doubt it's the Velvets; and indeed, they do create a whole world of their own, atmosphere incomparable to the other; which, once you experienced, never leaves you.



'WE DID IT'
Gay-In, Sunday June 28, 1970
NEW YORK CITY'S
GAY PRIDE WEEK



photos diana davies

JOHN McLAUGHLIN "DEVOTION" DOUGLAS #4

dirt

the result of a liquor culture trying to pass itself off as the more hip currently "in" drug culture. And to that end, I would say that this hour and a half of consistently loud material would be far more sympathetic in a night-club, a la "Jacques Brel Is Alive And Well In Paris," where one could indulge in the aforementioned

liquor and not have to pay the concentrated attention that a proscenium theatre imposes. "T.D.S.I.T." is a *divertissement* in which one is manipulated cleverly rather than genuinely held by a necessary statement. Not that the statement it belabors is unnecessary, but that one gets the impression that it is no more than an opportunistic latching-on by the author, rather than a statement that he feels it necessary to make.

The company is an ensemble unit, like an urban army. They only come forward as individuals on occasion to act out specific horrors of the evening's thesis. The narrative line concerns a gay boy, Cyril, who searches for his true love throughout gay bars and other city jungles. He is joined at the end by his mother, an aspiring Viennese actress of the thirties who is a Hollywood reject, now reduced to the exigencies of being a car-hop in Los Angeles. She has come east for her son's gay wedding, which is called off when they discover The Intended embroiled in a straight gang-bang arranged through ads in "Screw." There is a grand finale of everyone singing for peace.

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As to its dated quality, the entire tone of the evening is strongly reminiscent of the revues of the forties; the "One For The Money" series here in New York, and the "Sweet And Low" series in London. That is, it opts for the hard sophistication of those myriad delights, but it falls far short of them as it is only pseudo-sophisticated, rather than the real thing of that era. This "look" is not the sophistication of today; leave it to blessed memory and get on with the more truly current. I refer here to the dichotomy between form and content: one gets the impression that Mr. Eyen's secret heart is more strongly drawn toward the form. One of the forties' sacred cows does, however, get a much deserved put-down. That is that terrible and soupy poem, "This Is My Beloved," here done in a racking take-off as an anonymous fuck that ends up the next morning with every one-night stand's boredom and indifference. But really, does anyone care whether that particular piece of mush is finally pilloried? I doubt that it is even remembered. And as to the "ironic" coda, Jerome Robbins did the whole thing much more trachtily in his ballet of those self-same forties, "Facsimile."

As to the four-letter words and the nudity, well, these things are second nature in my own life, and if they are used with artistic validity on the stage, then how could I be "shocked," or particularly notice that these devices are employed? (in the late, unlamented "Circle (jerk) In The Water," one sure as hell noticed them, for the simple reason that they arose out of no discernible dramatic logic; we were supposed to say: "Oh, listen to the language! Oh, look, they're naked!" The boys were beautiful, however; that clean-cut--both ways--type that one had thought had vanished forever, and it was a joy just to look at them, however, that's a different bag.) Here, the nudity and the language is absolutely right, and the fact that the girls are adorable and the boys are humpy studs is merely an incidental aesthetic bonus.

JOHN McLAUGHLIN "DEVOTION" DOUGLAS #4

(Continued from Page 11)

Jeffrey Herman is Cyril, and he and Madeleine leRoux divide the evening's acting honors between them. Herman was always a coruscating delight in his plethora of virtuoso roles at "The Old Reliable," and he more than stood out in "Son of Cock Strong." The Theatre of The Ridiculous. All that experience, plus his inborn talent, really pay off now. He is immense; and as the old cliche goes, "All great clowns must have an underlying pathos," and so he does. See him, this is the inauguration of a career.

I first saw Madeleine leRoux in Paul Foster's "The Madonna of Orchard Street." Her classical training in London had given her a mouthful of marbles, and she didn't know where she was at. Now the discipline of The Theatre of The Ridiculous has purged her of all extraneous elements. She's down to the bare, beautiful bones of her capability, and she's gorgeous-in toto; in her inevitability, and in her cool, poised, partician blonde beauty. A Gertrude Lawrence for our time.

With the exception of "Dionysus in '69," the anus has been onus in all of the nude plays since. Would that it were on us, it is the last bastion, and would perhaps "shock"—at least for the first time (I only pass this suggestion along as grist to some exploitative producer's mill)—if "shocking" is even part of the parcel of stage nudity. I don't believe that it is; I choose

not to believe that it is ("Circle" accepted), and all love and honor to the beautiful kids who accept their bodies and give us the generous gift of them.

head

(Continued from Page 5)

It is important that the sexes not blame each other for their oppression for it is faceless, sexless totalitarianism that oppresses us all. Because it is doubtful that all these problems will be solved during the lifetime of our generation, we must assume responsibility for the nourishment of the superior young for it is they who will lead the others and bring about those changes that cannot be accomplished through revolution but only by evolution for we are all part of the one identity. Above all we must avoid hatred because hatred binds us to the thing we hate in a sado masochistic relationship which is too strong. Hatred is slavery. Unity and love is freedom.

news

(Continued from Page 3)

all the committee each of whom was new to organizing a large scale demonstration:

It was to a great degree a liberating experience—by becoming involved with the committee I realized a great deal about my own pretense and that of others. Beginning as nothing more than an outside observer

recruited to contribute art work I soon found myself helping to paste up the posters I'd designed on walls around town, exhilarating.

I didn't expect to participate in the parade but when I was making the banner which would lead the march I realized that I was going to be participating. I thought I would lose myself in the march and didn't want to be a marshall, but found myself acting as an unofficial marshall—helping guide people and checking on various aspects of the march, even marching at the front from time to time.

Watching the thousands of marchers come into the park—fantastic! Couldn't really keep all the tears back at that point—it was too good to be true—what a beautiful sight—all those people, so happy, free, unafraid.

The Christopher Street Liberation Day Committee would like to give particular thanks to the Quaker Project on Community Conflict for training parade marshals; the Medical Committee on Human Rights for medical aid; the Law Workers Collective and the New York Civil Liberties Union for legal assistance; the never sleeping volunteers at the Alternate University switchboard who answered thousands of telephone inquiries; Marty Nixon for printing over 90,000

leaflets and events calendars; and finally the gay press, WBAI Radio, and the Village Voice for extensive coverage which informed many sisters and brothers of the events.

New York City. JIM OWLES, president of the 300 member Gay Activists Alliance, released the contents of his sharply worded letter to VINCENT GILLEEN, president of Fidelifacts of Greater New York.

The letter states: "We have been made aware... of your investigations into the sex lives of thousands of human beings."

Owles attacked the practice of selling this "information" (regarding homosexuality, extra-marital relationships, etc.) to personnel departments of clients of Fidelifacts and other pre-employment investigatory agencies. "Since certain companies bar homosexuals from employment (thusly creating a situation in which those involved with those companies could become possible targets of blackmail) do you feel that your services contribute to the worsening of this injustice—would your agency favor a governmental ban on employment discrimination against homosexuals thereby freeing them any threat of 'blackmail'?" I would think that a position on this issue is

incumbent upon you since your agency has capitalized on the use of this type of information) . . ."

Owles said that action against this kind of intrusion into the private lives of Americans by "oppressive profit interests" will be a central issue in the G.A.A.'s fight for an end to employment discrimination against New York's gay population of 800,000.

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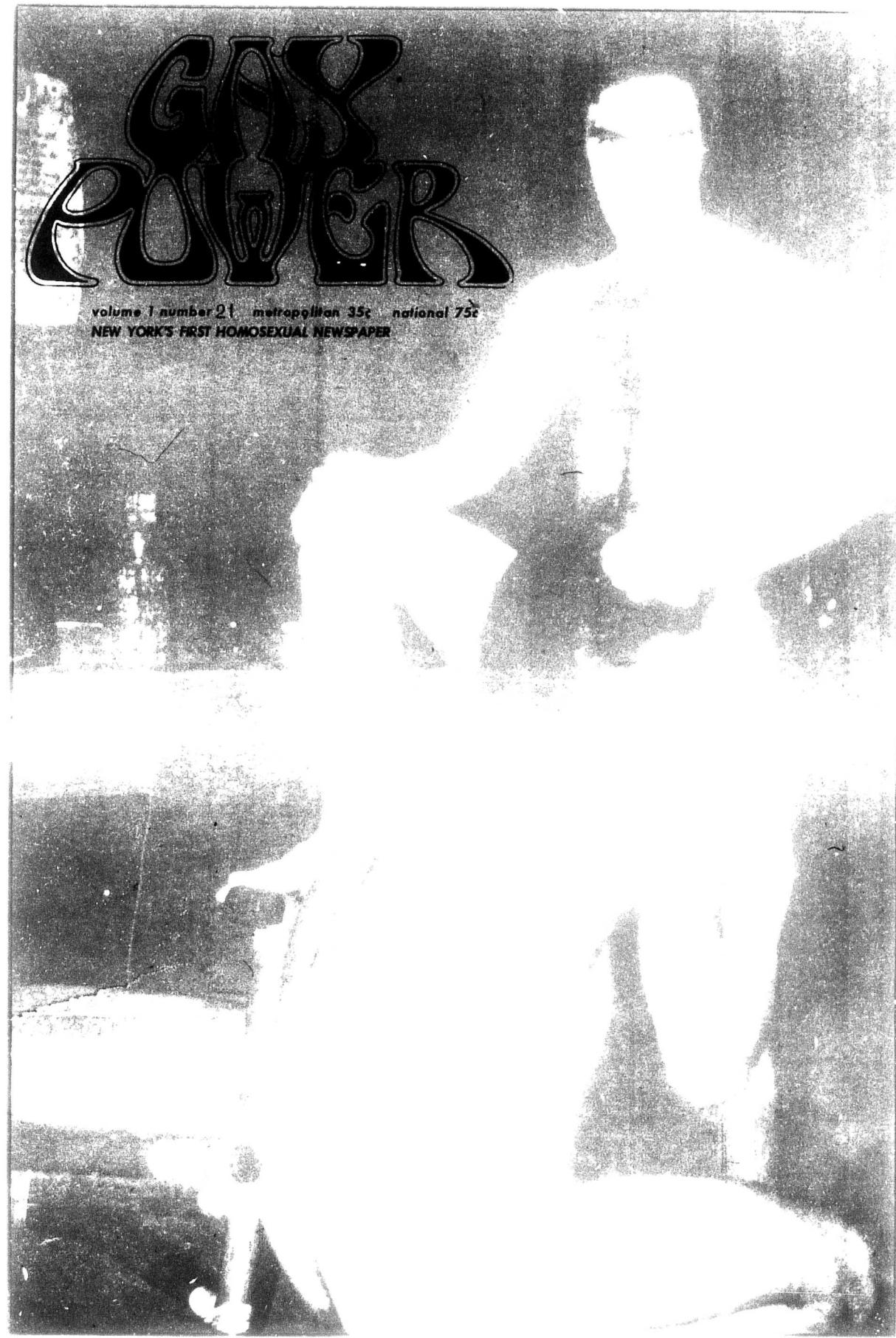
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Gay Power

volume 1 number 21 metropolitan 35¢ national 75¢
NEW YORK'S FIRST HOMOSEXUAL NEWSPAPER



LETTERS

LETTERS

July 11, 1970

Letters to the Editor
GAY POWER
105 Second Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10003

Editor:

We should like to correct a totally false statement which appeared in a small item on page 6 of your issue no. 19. This brief story said that the ADVOCATE had proclaimed the death of Gay Lib in L.A. The ADVOCATE proclaimed no such thing.

The complete lead sentence of the news story in question read as follows: "An unusually wild Gay Lib meeting Sunday, May 3, at Satan's in Silver Lake brought the disorganized 'organization' to the verge of complete disintegration, according to several of those present." Note: We did not proclaim Gay Lib's death, nor was the sentiment expressed the opinion of the ADVOCATE.

The rest of the article gave the views of Douglas Key, who caused the commotion by walking out of the GLF meeting (reported on the same page of Gay Power, no. 19), as well as the views of Morris Kight and Jim Kepner that it was too early "to be hanging black crepe on the door." The article was completely unbiased and balanced. The ADVOCATE does not "proclaim" in its news articles, but only in its editorials.

As experienced journalists well know, there are many different and subtle ways to lie. Your reporter has used more than one in only seven lines of your article. We are called "a Gay establishment newspaper." We have a feeling that we've been slammed, but as we're not sure what that phrase really means, we don't know.

Your reporter apparently means to convey the impression that the ADVOCATE is opposed to the Gay Lib movement. If so, this is another totally false picture. It seems that some people are uptight about the ADVOCATE's insistence on reporting objectively about all segments and factions of America's homophile movement and that we refuse to give the paper over entirely to news and propaganda of any particular group. We have set our sights on serving the entire homosexual community, and if this upsets some of the people who prate endlessly about "freedom of expression," then this is indeed a tragedy.

Gay Power would do well to examine more closely the writings of its Los Angeles reporter if his purposeful attack on the ADVOCATE is any example of his reading ability.

Very truly yours,
Dick Michaels
Editor

July 3, 1970

GAY POWER
105 Second Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10003

Letter to the Editor:

The celebration of our first birthday, Sunday, June 28, has brought to light one sad note: that the Gay community has its own silent majority—while we found it a time to affirm our pride and our commitment to each other, over half of our brothers and sisters found it a time to be elsewhere—while we were marching up 8th Avenue to demand an end to the persecution of *all* homosexuals, where were the 3rd Avenue queens? Where were the Fire Island queens? Where were the Riverside Park Queens, the Bloomingdale queens, the Tiffany and Cartier queens, the Gucci queens? Where were the Hampton queens and the Judy Garland queens?

Where was Gore Vidal, Edward Albee, Jerome Robbins, Tony Perkins, Andy Warhol, Truman Capote, Jackie Curtis, Charles Ludlam, Candy Darling, Robert Rouchenberg, Taylor Mead, Zero Mostel, Walter Jenkins, Peter Fonda, Alan Ginsberg, Jack Benny, Rock Hudson, Jim Morrison, Mike Nichols, James Baldwin, Gene Genet, Mick Jagger, Sandy Misner, Peter Harvey, Little Richard, Liberace, James Brown, Robert Q. Lewis???

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300 9th Ave
Meetings—Sunday nite 8:00 pm

MEN'S WEAR MAGAZINE
APRIL 3, 1970
LETTERS TO EDITOR

SWISH
I recently read your article, "Homosexuality in Men's Wear." As a student at Yale I think I can make a few remarks from my vantage point and clue you in on what's happening here.

First of all, I firmly believe that homosexuals do make a large contribution to the design of men's clothes. It is true that we (30 per cent of us are closet cases here at school) dress to show off our bodies to the best advantage. We primarily wear Levi's to look "Butch" (most of us, anyway), and they are sexy—especially if one has a body with a good front and rear.

We stand and sit with legs wide apart or pose in a sexy way just to tease the professors and each other. Standing and posing isn't done by chance—everything is calculated!

We wear waist length coats and jackets so we won't conceal anything as we walk around campus. We know people are watching us, so we get a thrill out of it—and who knows; one can always meet someone interesting!

The virile look—be it not wearing socks in the winter, going barefoot in warm weather or wearing tight pants—we like it (everyone else does, too).

By the way, light colored tight pants show off the body best.

Our favorite times are early fall and spring on campus. Summer is another chapter. Then we can come out in shorts, T-shirts and body shirts, and parade around—but not obviously. It has to look very natural and sexy!

So you see, we Butch closet cases do know what's going on around us. We play it to the best advantage.

If homosexuals don't make a large contribution to the design of men's clothes, we certainly do know how to wear them.

Anonymous
New Haven,
Connecticut

(No comment.—Ed.)

GAY POWER

John Heys

Morgan Ives

Richard Banks

Craig Schoonmaker

Virgil Peden

Rev. Michael Francis Itkin

Taylor Mead

Martin Dennison

Lee Childers

Arthur Irving

Pudgy Roberts

Diana Davies

Clayton Cole

Ralph Hall

Charles Ludlam

Dr. Leo Louis Martello

Coca Crystal

Pat Maxwell

Walter Breen

Bob Martin

Don Jackson

Wolf

Sincerely
E. Clark

GAY POWER

NEWS

west coast

GAY LEADERS ARRESTED AT HOLLYWOOD PARADE

By Don Jackson

Rev Troy Perry, pastor of the Gay Metropolitan Community Church, Carole Shepard, President of the Daughters of Bilitis and Kelly Weiser, of the Homophile League for Legal Assistance, were arrested on the corner of Hollywood Blvd. and Las Palmas June 28, following the Christopher Street West Parade. All three were charged with interfering with sidewalk traffic. June 29, they were released on their own recognisance.

Rev Perry and the two women had commenced an indefinite fast at a public ceremony a few moments before they were arrested. The purposes of the fast are to escalate the removal of puritanical and

repressive laws against sexual freedom, to protest the enticement and entrapment procedure of the police, to call attention to the tragic misunderstanding of homosexuals, and to ask the community to search its conscience in total reevaluation of its attitudes and ideas.

The three arrested homosexuals refused all food in jail. Rev Perry went to the Federal Building in Los Angeles after his release from jail. He says he will remain there continuing his fast until federal state and local officials enter into meaningful talks regarding ending the shameful oppression of homosexuals.

Rev Perry sleeps in a sleeping bag on the steps of the Federal Building. Members of his

congregation and the Gay Liberation Front come to vigil with him at night. Miss Shepard works during the days, but spends her nights sleeping on the steps.

Sunday, Rev Perry's entire congregation will come to the Federal Building and the services will be held there. This practice will continue each week if Rev Perry is strong enough to conduct the services after another week of fasting.

Rev Perry said, "The whole world has tried violence to solve its problems, they only worsen. I am totally dedicated to non-violent techniques of social change. Those techniques have hardly been given a chance. We must all bring to bear, and quickly, to save the world from total destruction."



HOLLYWOOD LIBERATED

By Don Jackson

The largest crowd of homosexuals in history assembled on Hollywood Blvd. for a parade June 28. The crowd was officially estimated at 30,000, although impartial observers estimated the numbers as high as 100,000. The great mass of homosexuals lined the sidewalks for 10 blocks, and ultimately surged into the street as sheer numbers overflowed the wide sidewalks. There was barely room for the parade to pass.

The parade was to celebrate the Stonewall Revolt, a riot in New York City which began June 28, 1969. The riot has become symbolic to Gays as their first uprising against their oppression. June 28, Christopher Street Liberation Day, has been officially proclaimed a Gay national holiday by Gay organizations.

It was a joyous day for Gays. The festive air of the floats infected the crowds. The Gay Liberation Front float showed the homosexual crucified on an immense cross. A seven foot Vaseline bottle labeled "It's no fun without grease" was entered by the Militant Gay Movement. The movie capital brought out all its tarnished glamour and old costumes for the event. A snake charmer with a 15 foot boa constrictor withered, medicine men danced, semi-nude muscle men flexed, transvestites posed and swished, swished as the floats floated gaily down Hollywood Blvd. The Transvestite Action Organization didn't bother with a float. The TVs in their finest gowns and shoplifted wigs

pranced proudly down the boulevard, being careful not to trip in their spike heeled shoes. Rev. Jefferson Fuck Poland of Berkeley's Psychedelic Venus Church marched in the parade, dressed only with a smile and a pair of red see-through panties. For the first time, the Gay motorcycle clubs came out in full force, complete with leather and chains. Militant Gays were shocked and delighted to see their leather drag brothers come out in support of the Gay struggle for justice. Straight observers were also shocked but confused. Many realized for the first time, that homosexuals come in many diverse types.

Over twelve hundred Gays marched in the parade, the largest contingents being from the Gay Liberation Front and the Metropolitan Community Church.

The event was a state wide celebration. In addition to all local Gay organizations, participants included the Tavern Guild of San Francisco, The Sexual Freedom League of Berkeley, The Gay Liberation Fronts of Las Vegas, San Diego, San Francisco, Berkeley, Venice and Chicago.

Many paraders carried signs as "The only unnatural sex act is one you can't perform," "20% of you are us," "Don't kill us anymore," and "Down with Chief Parker. Off the pig."

The parade was peaceful and everyone felt free. The pigs only expected a handful of demonstrators to show up, only six pigs were assigned to patrol the vast crowds, so they just let the people do as they wished.



POEM BY CARL SIALEY

Think softly while you wait
It shall come in a silver cloud
Shining, bursting with a fullness
So rich with love
That to last forever in such a
haze
of orange color would be the
answer
To life.

We are only allowed to drift
slowly
From one phase of the real to
the
Other so much wanted and
needed
Phase of the unreal, or
unknown,
Or mind, or, if you dare; Nature
and God.

To live, to love, to last forever.

To love's call
We answer
Prayer and peace
to seal our vows
Come with us
Pray with us
And hear our love.
Amid the flowers.

straight revolutionaries would be homosexual for two or three hours, a day or more, they'd experience firsthand, what our oppression is. But they fear this, would you believe, because they might enjoy it and do it again.

If the group that's planning this national gay lib party persists, I shall go through with my dreams of a sub-conscious Stonewall Nation, for gays only. I don't think they meant a national birthday party. No that would be surreal. Why, heavens to Oscar Wilde, we haven't yet begun organizing all our little groups of militant gays in the suburbs and rural areas, lest we not forget the cities, and already people are pushing all gay leadership under one roof: a national party? Ballshit!!

Proposal: Your eyes are your mind, look into your oppressor, and watch you appear.

It's bad enough, friends, that lavender menace lesbians and TAO-type groups, continually cause splits in relatively new group formations. No tact in dialectics. The whole thing has been a bloody down trip for me where are my real brothers and sisters?

LIBERATION AS
PROPOSITIONS
by Ralph Hall

There's allotta swirl going around, flushed from the minds of several piggish people in the midwest that we (the gay movement) should have a national gay liberation co-ordination party of some

sorts; similar to that of the Black Panther Party, but, nil of more spirited, shock-terrorist

Panther structure and codes. That particular idea doesn't excite me, nor does it coincide with my principles of complete

revolutionary brigades (gay revos and total freedom! The whole

concept of a gay lib party and what would happen in the interim of formation, scares me.

'cause I foresee death and graveyards of good minds, and the GAY REVOS BRIGADES.

tremendous power hassles, ego trips and a total split of the gay

movement. Plus, an end to a somewhat harmonious

interrelation with our own people and other oppressed peoples. Is this getting our shit together and

creating a power influence? No, its a lot of piles of shit, centless

shit, and we can use the shit, but not the smell. A national gay lib

party???? Phew!! And no reality-based tenets to offer us either.

I've pretty near convinced myself that bisexuality practised

equally in the future will be like

more where its at. If everyone

was just free to be gay, because

gay is natural, and what is Free Press!!! You know, one

natural is supposed to be free. It dime from all of us in this

even says that in the first country could be put up front as

amendment. But isn't that the broad for several gay

way it goes, everytime? All I newspapers. Its our future we

need is one more so-called

have to invent and develop and

straight calling me a faggot, and we can do it through the media.

I'm hip, I'll start plugging their Then Chicago GLF could

holes with 10-foot erections. If publish a midwest paper. And



taylor Mead

Once upon a time a queen lost her husband who was kind of a groove for everybody, not just a small circle of friends and sycophants, and she married a fellow whose personal ambitions never ceased and who sold even the people of his native land short. True, she let her son's hair grow long, probably with an eye to fashion, but we could hope it might be some vague glimmering way back in her mind of sympathy for peace, but this was all she did with her great powers and the rest of the day she tried on dresses and spit over the rails of her yachts. In sum, she was no Eleanor Roosevelt! Now if you went to see the movie "Z" you would know who the lady is and the depth of her crime, and how much more beautiful bucktoothed dykish Eleanor Roosevelt was than the "glamorous beauty" in question.

But enough of ~~Princess~~ goofballs; let's examine the scene here on the streets of anonymity where most of us have been thrown like scraps for the dogs that pretend.

Hail Mary, full of Grace,
Grab her tits and stuff em in
your face,
With a "heyunny heyunny"
Life is a ton of funny.

Look at Jock with the great big cock
That thing in his pants is surely
no sock
With a Hey, it takes money, honey
Don't get funny. (and there you
have the history of civilization)
Fuck!

Cars with New Jersey plates and
hardhats sitting in their back
windows are driving around full
of husky types who leap out and
beat up "queers" weighing half
their tonnage—and sometimes
when the police come along they
don't mind watching it being
done without interfering—of
course some of these vigilantes
are doubtless police themselves
who joined the force for other
reasons than just pay and variety
of work, and graft.

Dean Martin and Frank Sinatra
are no longer amusing.

God is not dead. He's waiting for
Chappaquiddick to blow over.

God is not dead. He's waiting for
the next meeting of the Soviet
presidium.

God is not dead. He's waiting for
his next movie to come out.

God is not dead. He's waiting for
the Academy Awards.

God is not dead. He's waiting for
Godot.

God is not dead. He's waiting
for Janis Joplin to sing Down On Me
at the inauguration.

God is not dead. He's trying to
forget we ever lived.

God is not dead. Her mascara is
running all over the church
treasure.

Title for my next movie: "Mona Crockditch." That is, the one after my present "Rainy Day Women." By the way, anyone who wants to finance my movie, anywhere from a few grand to a few hundred grand, please contact me.

That wealthy real estate heiress Cleveland Ohio says, "I love museums, I love museums—I was at Bergdorf's yesterday."

June is Epilepsy Month.
July is Arteriosclerosis Month.
February is Frozen Ball Month.
March is Kill More Peasants Month.

April is Cobalt Bomb Month.
May is Bury the Dead Month.
December is I Doubt If You Remember Month.
January is Clean Out The Morgue Month.
August is Fly Catching Month.
September is Gutting Women and Children and Torturing Men Month.
October is Visit Autumn Leaves in New England Month.

"I have always depended on the kindness of . . . " stranglers.

"This is the way the world ends—not with a bang—with a whimper!" Jack Carson line in "A Star Is Born," with Judy Garland.

Moles we are all Moles,
we are all molecular,
we are all molested,
we are all moleld,
we are all modeled.

Oh you go by years. I go by
cracks in the sidewalk.

The Chartreuse Panthers:

We demand:

President Nixon wears a dress.
Agnew returns to Greece.
The Cabinet comes out of their cabinet.

The State Department has a
weakly dance.

Congress eats shit.
George Washington takes a
golden shower.

Lincoln shaves.

Tricia changes her name to
Trixie.

The House of Representatives
install steam rooms and turn out
the lights.

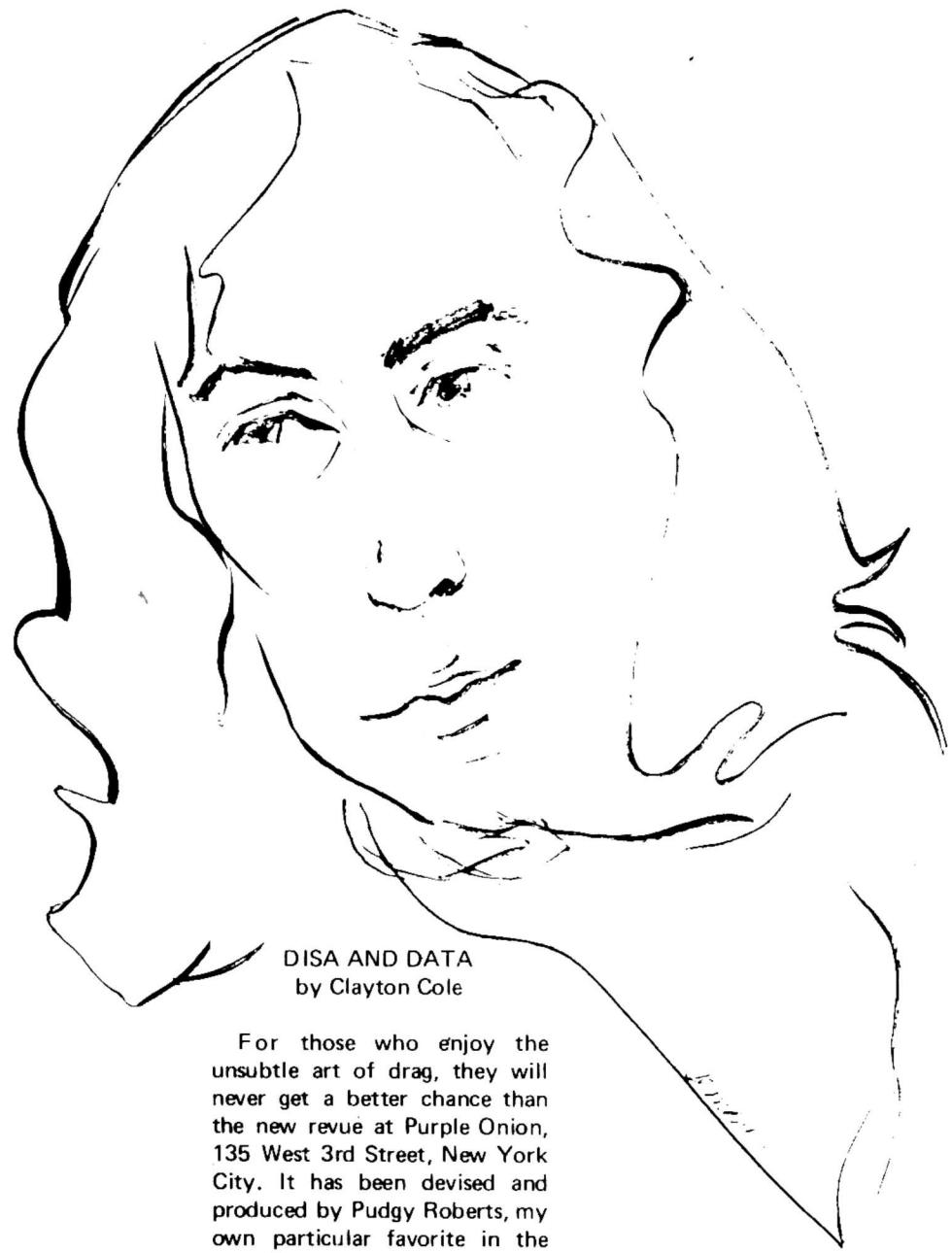
The capitol dome gets
circumcised.

Janis Joplin sings Down On Me
at the inauguration.

The Senate pages wear Lord
Fauntleroy suits.

The House pages wear nothing.

"Oh, you notice necks and
hands. Oh, that's nice. It's a
lonely life." Yes, that's all you
get—just a glance.



DISA AND DATA
by Clayton Cole

For those who enjoy the unsubtle art of drag, they will never get a better chance than the new revue at Purple Onion, 135 West 3rd Street, New York City. It has been devised and produced by Pudgy Roberts, my own particular favorite in the field, as he plays it so beautifully for laughs. There are also a couple of Jewel Box Review veterans in the show, and it's a good, funny evening in a night club.

John Rechy ("City of Night," "Numbers") has just come out with a new novel, "The Day's Death," published by Grove Press. He was the first to stick a



GOODBYE SUNSHINE
by Arthur Bell

The temperature was a sizzling 100° and the dogs were sticking to the pavements. The lemon ice that I sucked in the back seat of the cab taking me to Detroit's Vest Pocket Theatre was sticking to my hands and face and dripping on my shirt and I told the cabbie to cut his conversation and drive. Too hot for patience.

At the theater, a crowd of three hundred stood mumbleing about the heat. "Performance cancelled," said a middleaged kid. "Air conditioning out of order. Refunds given or tickets exchanged for a later performance."

Temper flared. "I've come in from Flint," complained a housewife who had traveled by bus that Wednesday to catch a matinee of "The American Tribal Love Rock Musical HAIR." She had come

to see the hippies and the nudity. But culture with titillation had to wait. Instead, that disappointed housewife would spend her afternoon sweating and shopping.

Having spent my last dime on cab fare, I decided to spend the afternoon sweating and rapping with the cast and crew of HAIR. I sat in on a rehearsal, smoked with some of the kids, and got a lecture on homosexual liberation from a vital cat named Stanley Ramsey.

Stanley, back in January, worked at New York's Continental Bath. Those were the police harassment days when plainclothesmen would check in and stay for ten hours and ball and not arrest anyone until checkout time. Stanley met a whole circle of friends there. He was new to New York, straight out of Michigan State with seven years of dance training behind him, a wife somewhere in the forgotten past (all this at

90 to p. 12



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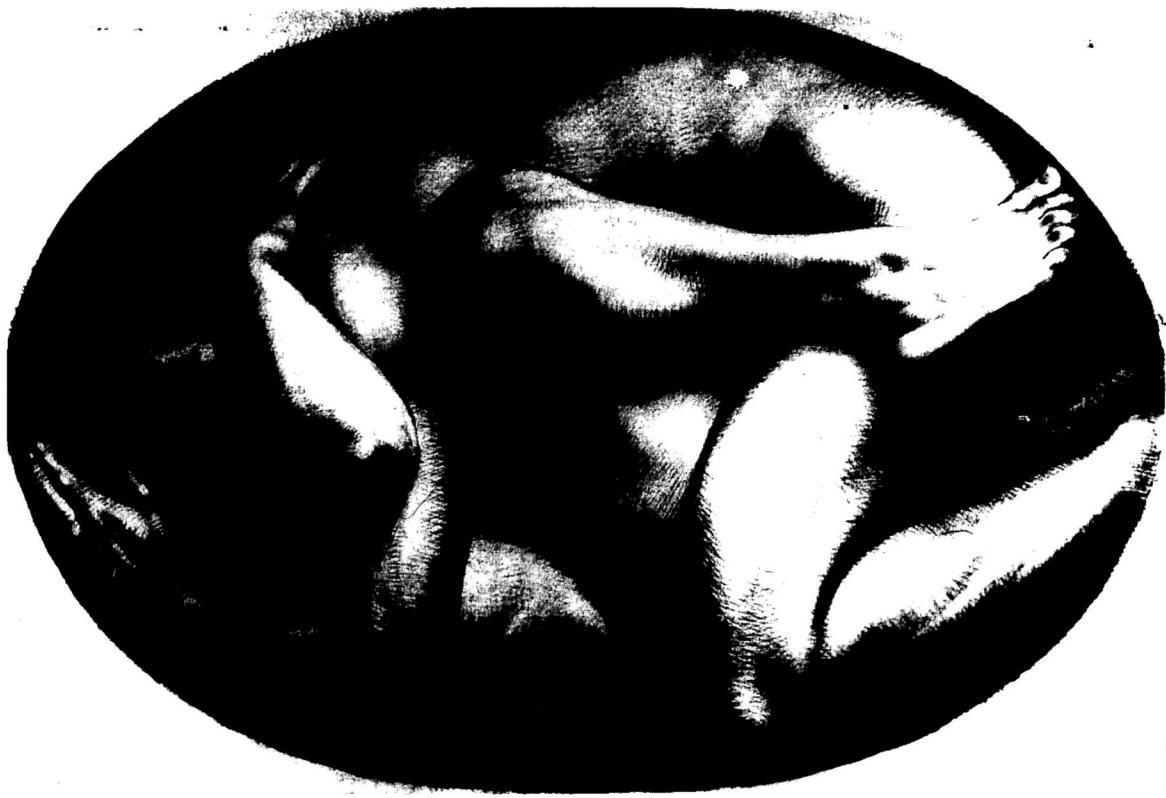
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BETTY DODSON TALKING WITH CLAYTON COLE

Betty Dodson, a star out of Kansas, is the Dark Lady of The Sonnets. To see her going along in her marvelous black boots, black tights and with her proud and awesomely pretty face held ravishingly aloft, one feels one is in the presence of a work of art, rather than the creator of such.

Betty is now certainly the best-known painter of erotically oriented nudes. Her second one-man show opened at the Wickersham Gallery, 959 Madison Ave., N.Y.C., on May 12th and ran through May 24th. Her first show there of love drawings was so sensational that it quite literally stopped traffic due to the crowds who blocked the street while awaiting admission to the thronged gallery itself. The second opening was even more so, up to the point where it turned into a block party. Before these events, Betty had exhibited in numerous group shows, the latest being "The Homosexual," this spring's show at The Gallery of Erotic Art.

Back in Wichita, Betty was a commercial artist on the Beacon Newspaper, starting at eighteen. She came to New York in 1950 and freelanced as a fashion illustrator. She did well financially, and even with all the bread-security, her uncle in New York insisted that she go to school to study classical technique. Off to night school at The National Academy she went. It's high standards have never deserted her. It was during this period that she started using herself as her own model; and when she developed her interest in the nude. The sexually oriented nude, that is, not the life-denying one she found in museums that were no more than bowls of fruit.

She was positively and surely divesting herself of the Mid-West hang-ups which had subconsciously pushed her away from the nest and led her to New York. The subconscious became conscious liberation.

At thirty, she got married. "I waited till then because I was a hold out against these bourgeois

90 to p. 13

LOVE DRAWING BY BETTY DODSON COURTESY OF WICKERSHAM GALLERY

SUN

nineteen) and a history of bisexuality. He was living on West 78th Street and modeling part time for Black Beauty. He loved New York, and would have stayed on, but some nasty business involving a part in a musical version of "Alice in Wonderland" left him disenchanted. He returned to Detroit, auditioned for the Hud role in HIAIR, and was signed immediately.

According to Stanley, the real he and the Hair are opposites. "Hud is an intellectual stud," said Stanley. "My interpretation

of him is exactly as it should be. But me, everyone in the cast knows I swing both ways. I can say anything or do anything. Scream like a woman one minute and act like a truckdriver the next. It's beautiful. Like the cast. We're a family. We fight, we argue, we love each other. It's been like this from the first day we got together. Thirty strangers, black and white, really beautiful."

The cast is a local one. The thirty kids who make up the Ojibway tribe of Michigan's HAIR were selected for their good rock voices, long hair, hip look, and a special love look that reaches way beyond the footlights. Over a thousand kids in their teens and early twenties were

auditioned. After the cast was selected, they were put through sensitivity exercises, the humming, touching, exploring bit. These exercises developed a sense of oneness among the cast. A commune thing.

Stanley claims he's getting married again, on stage. To a girl. It's his sort of nod of the head to bisexual pride. It may also be Stanley's way of rejecting the type of Gay life that he claims is destructive in Detroit.

"I was into Gay Pride in New York," he said between nimbles of a butterscotch toffee bar. "I went to a couple of Gay Activists Alliance meetings, and marched with GAA in the Snake Pit protest and sat in at City

Hall. Terrific. But Detroit, that's another story.

"Detroit kids are too much into being closet queens. They're too afraid to let anyone know what they are. They're bitchy and nasty and prejudiced. They look down on anyone they consider hippy. If I brought out a popper here in a Detroit bar, they'd kill me. I'd rather go to a freaked-out straight party than a gay party here in Detroit."

"The Mafia bar payoff is tremendous. There's a Gay Liberation outfit here, but it all circles around the bars. They sell the Gay Lib paper only in the bars. It's as if the Gay Lib people here are craving to be looked down on. They're hateful. The beautiful people don't go to the bars."

At Stanley's suggestion, I checked out the 1011 Bar later that evening. It's supposedly the oldest gay bar in Detroit. Pat, the bartender said that the 1011 has been operating since the late forties without police

harassment. The stream of customers is a steady one. I did not find the people there hateful. They were pleasant, though not overly congenial. The atmosphere was oppressive and the attitudes of the people, especially those in the Liberation movement were exactly the attitudes that the activists groups in New York are so successfully changing. Yes, Stanley, the Detroit bar scene is bad.

I feel I should go deeper into oppression in Detroit and write a good deal more about Stanley and the two beautiful HAIR people that I got to know best—Meat Loaf ("that's my real name," he said, "I'm going to cop out, however, because the sadness of the folding of Gay Power is hitting me with every word I write. The family thing at HAIR had been much like the family thing at Gay Power. It's been a good family. John Heys has been a just father.

Goodbye, sunshine.

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JOHN McLAUGHLIN
“DEVOTION”
DOUGLAS #4

Clayton Proposition

red hot poker up the ass of the smug, and his newest outing is more of the same. Not as overtly gay as the first two, here homosexuality is used as a leit-motiv to once more pillory society, and as a counter-point to an obsessive mother love. The writing is a paler shade of purple than before, one might say lavender, but with the most unnecessarily pretentious use of the colon and semi-colon since Caitlin Thomas. Both of these authors have plenty to say; they shouldn't get in their own way. But, yes, read "T.D.D." You'll certainly agree with its thesis.

Bruce J. Friedman's new play, "Steambath," has finally opened at the beautiful new theatre, Truck And Warehouse, 79 East 4th (directly opposite La Mama). It's been directed by, and stars, Anthony Perkins. The play can't make up its mind whether it's a slick Broadway comedy or a hip, contemporary, classless version of Thornton Wilder's "The Long Christmas Dinner." It fails on both counts. The laughs are too "show-biz" plugged, and the mysticism is obscured by the fact that the two acts are interchangeable, with both of them falling flat at the curtain. There's a pair of our old friends, the stereotype "fags", present, but you will at last get to see Perkins in a pair of very stretched, old, gappy Jockey Shorts.

For the best selection of outta sight shirts, love beads and hot-stuff mags and slides, try Ricky Nielsen's new Legend Gallery at 152 Seventh Ave. South (corner Charles Street), N.Y.C. You'll remember Ricky from The Studio. He's open most evenings till 11 P.M. Well worth a visit.

"The Old Reliable Theatre Tavern," 231 East 3rd, inaugurates its new policy of five nights a week, Mondays through Fridays, with double bill by Robert Patrick. His brilliance, clarity and talent need not be attested to. As a bonus, there are four groovy naked boys in this new *œuvre*. Patrick is also currently represented by two one-actors at St. Peter's Church, 346 West 20th, presented by The Dove Company. And for Doves, what else by a strong, anti-war play beautifully directed and played by Denny Leone?—also an alumnus of "The Old Reliable."

The O.R., as it is known, is now under the directorship of Eric Concklin, the director of Patrick's "The Haunted Host," and one of the leading lights of last season's "Julia Caesar," slated for Off-Broadway production in the near future. He's a man of taste, intelligence and scrupulous integrity, and with him at the helm, the O.R. will sail smoothly along, offering us many more jewels from the boxes of William M. Hoffman, Janine Reilly, and all the rest of its lapidary crew.

See ya!

have the survival for life, but not the life for survival), bread, taxation or sympathizers. Start thinking of the movement as of minds and a struggle with necessity and desire. We are a world-wide movement, 'cause ya gotta liberate the world before our freedoms are complete to enjoy.

To Don Jackson: I'll trade you your Dream City for my Stonewall Nation ideas: better yet, you keep your city and I'll give you the Stonewall Nation Check. To Troy Perry: I'll give you my authentic Nazi armband found in Korea, 1953; just so you'll give up the church forever ... at least during this incarnation. Morris Knight: You can have anything you want brother.

Up against the wall Los Angeles Advocate and GAY newspapers: Can't someone please tell them and Will Burroughs, Genet, Gore Vidal and Will Buckley Jr., that they're all phonies, countering our gay movement with methods much too counter. They don't have a chance ... As Jesus died the same way.

And Allen Ginsberg should write more "free" poems and stop feeling we should be so honored to receive free verse from him, at most, excess garbage and tokenism! owe society nothing, but they owe me everything. Join the bandwagon.

I propose a now boycott of all gay bars until they close down and until we figure out how to cope with such oppression (why have them go on when we know where its it) they should stay closed. The alternatives are many, because the bars, baths and flicks are counter revolution. They don't want us to be free and now its a riot time.

I propose that all churches stop attempting this co-opt of the gay people's movement, just because their losing their heterosexual plastic flock. Those gay priests and ministers shamming, shamee! Didn't ya jes know those fuckers would get around to pulling off a coup and now they're into segregating homosexuals from heteros.

not realizing we're one of a kind! Paranoia? No ... look at the hands on the deck. I'm not going to serve god (dog spelled backwards), because whatever it is meant for me to be celebrated, so that I may best serve in the religious-spread the faith-movement. Churches are counter revolutionary, and I realize some people need religion, and shall die with the churches. Pigs of god ... cement the churches.

I propose a mass work-stoppage of all gays nationwide, from their jobs, to call attention to who we are,

what we are and how we're going to continue to be and shake many minds on any given day so planned.

Those fats have a way of slowing down, but are definitely still revolutionary.

If we have any revolutionaries among us, I suggest we not think of any barriers or borders, contracts for life's survival (We

Dodson

values. I should have held out forever, because it was one schizoid mess. Here was I, the Bohemian artist trapped in the prison of marriage. What did I proceed to do? I assumed a role! All because society had told me that that was the proper thing to do; yes, I sat home picking out Oriental rugs for the living room, trying to get "surer" by the minute. Something had to give, and I will now state that all "chemical" aids are a substitute for true liberation.

"In any case, I don't consider marriage a working state. It is just one more of the Establishment's manipulations of the population. Divorce was inevitable, so we pulled ourselves together to pull apart, and to become, to this day, great friends."

Betty is now deeply involved in Women's Liberation and is a member of NOW. However, she states that she wants to go on from Women's Liberation to something that will put the human value before any gender categorization. "Monogamy hangs up women from sexual

liberation," she says. "It is variety that keeps sexuality alive. It's a human cop out if you keep your love 'exclusive.' Love more than one person. The old 'female' role is an arbitrary and polarizing concept. Accept bisexuality; bring all the sexes together in yourself; then you'll be the human being that we are all intended to be."

An artist, I'm sure you'll agree, who has something to say as well as to paint. And when you have seen her show, you'll also agree that they are one and the same. In this new show, there were one or two explorations of masturbation. "I wanted to try these masturbation pictures. I have long been an admirer and student of Wilhelm Reich, and he says that one's attitude toward masturbation is the key to one's entire attitude toward sexuality itself. If you can accept this activity positively, then you're all right, for it is one's first activity, and if you deny that, then you deny yourself."

Now we have seen May 12th. The moving and valid art we saw then more than proved that Betty Dodson is a very bright beacon pointing to a better future.

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Well endowed young butch guy likes tight Levi's, boots, and leather; wants to hear from guys with same interests. Photo please.
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THIRSTY MALE
Good looking white male, 5'10", 170. Interested: water sports, French and Greek cultures. Seeks same. In Manhattan, North NJ, for mutual fun. Prefer slender butts. Feeds all types of appetites. Send details, photo, phone.
NYC, NJ Male Box 9482BD

I WANT IT ALL
Male, 43, 6', 190, digs water sports, French and Greek cultures; some s/m, or you name it. Also digs frank letters and photos.
DC Male Box 9W 4678Y

MALE FRIEND WANTED
Young, good looking Afro male gay desires masculine male friends. Race unimportant; no fetties please.
NYC Male Box 4515Y

FOR GUYS ONLY
Whatever happened to the young guys with dark complexions who can take it all? I am tall, slim, and all man. Photo, phone please.
NYC Male Box 94811A

SINCERE GAY GUY
Young gay guy, sincere, seeking other guys to late 40's. Discretion assured. Photo, phone please.
NYC Male Box 94975

MALE SLAVE WANTED
Butch master looking for a strong slave over 30. Must be sincere and obedient. Butch type preferred. Photo, phone please. All answered.
NYC Male Box 4548Y

MEN WANTED
Male, 45, seeks meetings with other sincere oral males. Reply with full details and photo.
NYC Male Box 4628Y

LEATHER LOVER
Well equipped male seeks males who dig a strapping good time in head to toe leather. Photo and phone.
NYC Male Box 4618Y

I WANT IT ALL
Male, 43, 6', 190, digs water sports, French and Greek cultures, some s/m, or you name it. Also digs frank letters and photos.
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Attractive female, late 20's, needs a lot of female loving as soon as possible. Looking for other female. No males, please.
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Male exec, 37, Manhattan, early 30's, wants to meet well endowed masculine, males to 40, all races, married or single. Anything goes. Also enjoy threshes. Am discreet and completely honest. Frank letter please.
NYC Male Box 94966

SLIP AWAY FROM HOME
Lonely white male seeks slender, clean, understanding male who can slip away from family during the week. Name your desire, will pay to please. Photo, phone.
NJ Male Box 6171R

TIME TO BE COZY
White male seeking warm, sincere, slender white or Negro gentleman, 25-40. Winter is here, would love to have someone to spend a cozy evening at my place and please your desire in the French arts photo, phone please.
NYC Male Box 99121R

WANTS TO SHARE
Male, 25, butch, would like to share his apartment in Greenwich Village with attractive, masculine gay boy to 28. Photo appreciated. Easy to live with.
NYC Male Box 94963

EXEC MEETINGS
Good looking married exec, 41, wants to meet other handsome executive, married or single, for long term relationship. Send full details. Photo, phone. Discretion assured.
NYC Male Box 94970

HAS ORAL TALENT
Gay male nudist, looking for masculine, virile guy, for friendship. Prefer dark types. Must be sincere.
NYC Male Box 94774C

CREATIVE LEATHER GUY

Male wants groovy looking, manipulative young man for complete domination.

Promise firm, aggressive, dici-

lous; leather, steel restraints.

Beginners, experienced. Send photo, measurements.

NYC Male Box 94965D

MALE LOVER WANTED

By sincere gay male, 21, 6', lean. Must be blond and masculine, 25 to 40, married ok.

Photo, phone please.
NYC Male Box 94964

MALE DIVORCE

Male, 37, 275, 5'7", wants gay relationship with other TV's and me.

Want to be a fighter for gay

and communistic male. Wants

b/d very much. Very docile.

MASS Male Box 99122R

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Male, 37, 275, 5'7", wants gay

relationship with other TV's and me.

Want to be a fighter for gay

and communistic male. Wants

b/d very much. Very docile.

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—Allan Leopold, Los Angeles Advocate

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*** MOVIE REVIEWS

MOVIE REVIEW ***
HAPPY BIRTHDAY, DAVY
by Chuck Weller

Producers Richard Fontaine and Chuck Roy have given us one of the screen's most realistic and eye-opening films of the young homosexuals of today. The story by Chuck Roy tells it like it is. Too many times the screen, theatre, or literature has depicted the gay life or homosexual in stereotyped concepts. Chuck Roy as Bob Gatsby gives a powerful performance, although I feel just a little too overpowering in spots. Lars Neilsen as Darry gives an extraordinarily good performance, a fresh new talent. I think this young man has a great future in the acting field. Judy Curtis as Sis gives a superior performance, though a small part, a memorable performance not to be missed. Carl Williams as Butch gives a delightfully funny performance. I feel this film will hit the audience with great impact. But, I feel that since this film is directed to the heterosexual population, there is too much sex in the film. The cinematography and sound in this film are both very well done.

NYC GAY POWER issue #14
cover story by CLAYTON
COFF Happy Birthday, Day
reviewed FROST + Theatre
with 18, 1970

"HAPPY BIRTHDAY
tender and totally charming
film ... from a script by its
star, Chuck Roy ... beauty,
talent ... Chuck with his
cloth off is in the eat-your-
heart-out department (and
with them on, too! OK, un-
equivocally the best body in
the world

VARIETY
Wednesday, April 1, 1970

A Zenith Films release of Richard Farnsworth and Chuck Roy production Directed by Fontaine, Screenplay by Roy Music by Robert Miller, Reviewed in New York at Eros Theatre, March 20, 1970 Running Time 90 minutes

Richard Farnsworth, Chuck Roy, Larry Neisen, Dick Fontaine, Judy Curns, Carl Williams, Jack Reed, Robin Roberts, Joe Belli

Reininitely sincere features for the market (as opposed to the major projects . . . which perpetuate the unhappy but kick funny stereotypes), pic might have a certain sociological interest.

THE REPORTER
Thursday, April 9, 1970

'Davy' for Bordesux
"Happy Birthday, Davy," Zenith Films' Richard Fontaine, has been selected by the screening at the Bordesux Film Festival. Chuck Roy wrote the original screenplay and co-produced. Neilson and Roy topline

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